

(This grandmother that's staying with you, is that your father's mother?)

Yeah. (What's her name?) Oh, I can't--oh, it's hard. Maybe I'll think of it tomorrow. I can't think of that. She's Kiowa anyhow and I can't think of her name.

(But she stays with you?)

Um-hum.

(Who's tent does she stay in?)

Stay with my aunt. Stays with her daughter. She stays with my aunt and stays with her son, but she kinda don't like to stay with my daddy and them. She'd rather stay with her daughter. 'Cause you know her daughter do more for her. Overthere, I guess my mother don't have time to do things for her.

(Well, where did your dad learn how to plant?)

Well, the government show him how. They just show him how. And they issue those plow too, and lister, walking lister, and turning plow, to turn the dirt over, and then they go over it. They got--how you call those things? Where they strain the dirt--kinda rake it over? (Harrow?) Uh-huh. You know them iron stick like that. And they just drag it like that and they straighten them dirt out, just level like that. And they put row with that walking lister. Got one horse to it. That's way they put their row. And this one that's coming behind, my mother and my aunt, they got corn in the can--they measure by their feet. They plant with their feet. They just cover it dirt with their feet. That's how they used to plant.

(What else did he plant besides corn?)

Oh, anything. I don't know about potatoes, but I know they plant onions and cucumbers and watermelons and stuff like that. I seen all the vines spread out, and there's these melons here and there and cucumbers and stuff and tomatoes. I seen them in the field, in the garden. That's all they do, I guess. They don't do nothin' else. In the fall when the corn gets ripe, my mother and them, they come back. They shuck corn. And I don't know where they put 'em.